The Calm Or The Hurricane

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The Calm Or The Hurricane

by MeteoraWrites

Summary

Hannibal looks happy to see him, then the scent of anxiety hits him full force and he frowns. “Hello, Will,” he greets as always. “Is something the matter? You’re looking a bit under the weather.”

Will steps inside, brushes close enough that he knows Hannibal can smell the twisting sweetness buried under the cloying scent of anxiety that overpowers his aftershave. The notes of wild clover blossoms that have thankfully always been faint are growing stronger. Will has always had a mild scent for an omega, but when he’s about to go into heat the sweetness in it gets much stronger. “I need to ask you something important, and I need to know you are going to really listen to what I am saying to you because if you don’t I swear I will kill you.”

Notes

Hello everyone! I'm working out a omegaverse where the LGBTQIA+ identities are represented. Hence Ace Will and Pan Hannibal. I'll explain the way these work in the omegaverse in the following stories, I promise.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will drives with the windows open to try and blow away the scent of his own sweat and anxiety that fills the small space. He's two days away from the first heat he's let himself have in over two years. He should have taken a break from them long ago, but every time he went to request the time off some new murder needed investigating, then he was institutionalized...

It's been over a month since Will was released from the mental hospital. A week since he killed Randal Tier. And three and a half weeks since he stopped taking suppressants. He had to call Jack that morning and inform him he was taking his yearly paid omega's leave from consulting. Jack was angry, but Will needs to let his body have a break from the suppressants. And honestly, he wants a break from dealing with Jack as well.

He's still visibly sweaty and nervous as he approaches Hannibal's door, and he fidgets and adjusts his glasses as he waits for the alpha to answer his ring of the doorbell.

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There's a growl to his voice. Low and dangerous. It sends an odd little thrill through Hannibal. He ignores it in favor of following the agitated omega into his kitchen, where he goes straight to the cupboard to grab a glass out for some much-needed water. "You have my undivided attention. What is it you need to ask of me, Will?"

Taking a moment to down the entire glass, Will lets himself take a deep breath before locking eyes with Hannibal. There's gold bleeding into the blue of his iris'. Something Hannibal has only seen when Will is either furious or completely devastated. Will can feel the colors bleeding, and doesn't try to calm his body's natural reaction to his emotions for a change. "I'm due to go into heat in two days."

To his credit, Hannibal resists the urge to visibly scent the air around them. He simply nods and waits for Will to continue.

"I need someone to help me through it. I don't want to go to a heat clinic. I haven't had a heat in over two years. They would likely take one look at my chart and claim I'm unfit to make sound decisions in my oncoming heat delirium and claim medical proxy over me. Which would more than likely mean having me placed under at least a 72-hour hold with an alpha who won't listen to a word I say or respect my boundaries." Will looks physically sick at the notion. It rarely happens anymore, but with Will's length of time on suppressants and his recent stay at the mental hospital, the wrong doctor will assume he's going to be unstable and

possibly harm himself, and therefore need an alpha to take care of him because he won't know better.

If that were to happen Will would undoubtedly kill the alpha. He wouldn't be prosecuted for it. Omega's killing in self-defense while in heat never are, even if they'd been deemed medically unfit by a clinic at the time. But he doesn't want it to come to that. He's got too much to deal with now. Killing some knothead at a medical center is the last thing he needs on top of everything else he's dealing with.

Hannibal beckons Will to follow him into the dining room, where they both take a seat at the table, Hannibal sitting opposite Will so the omega can have his space, but know that he has Hannibal's full attention. "If I were to agree to help you, there would have to be a clear set of rules established beforehand. Given your orientation, I would not wish to do anything that will make you uncomfortable or cause you any distress. I would ask for a detailed list of what is and is not acceptable behavior. Where and how I am allowed to touch you. And how you wish to be cared for in the moments when your heat is temporarily abated."

Will takes off his glasses and lays them on the table in front of him before scrubbing at his face with both hands. He expected these sorts of questions, but actually trying to think of how best to answer is difficult at the moment. No one has ever asked him what he wants when it comes to his heats. They always presumed to know best because they were an alpha or a doctor at a clinic...

"Can I take some time to figure all of that out and get back to you…" he finally settles on after a moment of wracking his brain. He's starting to get a bit foggy. Which is normal for him this close to his heat, but still annoying. "I'm sorry, I just can't seem to focus at the moment. I'll have everything worked out and emailed to you by tomorrow evening, I promise."

Nodding his understanding, Hannibal stands and walks past Will and back into the kitchen. He returns a moment later with another glass of water and a tray of what appear to be almond cookies. Both are placed in front of Will before he returns to his seat with a small nod to let Will know he's welcome to help himself. "How long does your heat typically last?"

Will snorts a laugh at how professional the question sounds, given they're talking about Hannibal spending nearly a week fucking him senseless. "Five days. The second and third day are always the worst." He picks up a cookie, giving it a curious sniff before taking a bite, which he chews and swallows before speaking next. "When I was a cop I was on suppressants nine months a year with three months off to keep my body at least somewhat regulated. This is the longest I've gone without going into heat."

"May I ask why you stayed on suppressants for so long?" Most unmated omegas these days just use birth control and deal with their heats either at a clinic. At home with the aid of toys and a beta or omega friend to provide food and other care. Or they ask a trusted alpha friend or significant other for aid as Will is asking now.

"I got sick. Pneumonia. I had it for almost a month and needed to be hospitalized for most of that time. They gave me suppressants so I wouldn't go into heat while I was in that condition. Then... it was just nice not having to worry about it for a while, so I kept taking them. I was

going to stop after about a year, but then Jack showed up asking for my help and…" he trails off and takes another bite of his cookie.

"FBI field protocol, and then the institution's health codes regarding unmated alphas and omegas," Hannibal supplies with a small frown. He never much cared for how they enforce those policies. They can be quite detrimental to one's health.

"God forbid we go into heat or rut in the looney bin," Will grumbles before taking a sip of his water. "If it weren't for the encephalitis and you framing me for murder, I would have taken a leave of absence to do this months ago..."

Hannibal shakes his head and watches as Will nibbles at his cookie. He's pleased he could do something to make the omega feel a bit better when he's clearly not quite himself at the moment, and so visibly uncomfortable. "Tell me, Will, have you ever spent your heat with an alpha before?"

With a roll of his eyes, Will finishes his first cookie and reaches for another. He hadn't realized the stress he was under was making his blood sugar drop, but Hannibal clearly did and he's grateful for it. He could have passed out on the hour-long drive home at the rate he was going.

"Several times, back when I thought sex was something I would start to actually want eventually. I was twenty-three the last time I spent my heat with an alpha. After that, I was on suppressants nine months a year thanks to working for the police, and when I wasn't on the suppressants I would lock myself in my apartment or go to a heat clinic." He never really liked going to the clinic. Too many questions. And if you go to the same clinic alone too many times they become concerned and try to match you with an unmated alpha for 'your own good'. God, he does not miss living in the south…

"And you are certain you want my help after going so long without an alpha?" he can't help but ask. Given the nature of their friendship at the moment, he both trusts Will, and feels a tad anxious around him. Will said they were even. That he doesn't want to kill him anymore. But he knows how unpredictable Will can be. And how powerful an omega can become when they feel threatened during their heat.

"The longer I go without having a heat the worse I dissociate when I finally have one. I… Don't trust myself not to wander off when I'm like that. I could hurt someone. Or be hurt by some stupid alpha that thinks I'm an easy mating…" The bitterness in his voice is accompanied by a spike of acrid scent that's a mix of anger and disgust.

He shoves the whole cookie he holds into his mouth and chews like he's picturing sinking his teeth into some alpha that dared to touch him against his will. In truth he's more worried he'll kill someone than he is that someone could overpower and claim him. He's strong for an omega. Capable. And if he feels threatened when he's in heat, he has no doubt he could do far worse than he did to Randal in his non-hormone-enhanced state. He imagines he could rip an alpha apart if he felt threatened enough...

"I see… Then it would appear to be in everyone's best interest for me to accept your request. If you like I can grab something to write with and we can begin work on your list of

instructions for me?" He doesn't actually believe Will is going to accept the offer, but he doesn't want him to leave quite yet. Not when he still smells of anxiety and the telltale signs of low blood sugar.

"I should really be going. I need to shop for groceries then bring my dogs over to Alana's house. She's agreed to watch them while I'm indisposed..." He tries not to look uncomfortable as he says this. He knows Hannibal and Alana are still sleeping together. Despite his warnings to her. And if she finds out he asked Hannibal to help him with his heat he has no doubt the other omega will go ballistic on him.

Hannibal nods and moves to stand at the same time as Will, walking him to the door. Now that he's more relaxed, the shift in Will's scent is easier to detect without obviously scenting him. Clover blossoms and something that reminds him of the ocean. Pleasantly mild and with just a touch of sweetness.

They reach the door, and Hannibal decides to test his luck by placing a hand on Will's back. Nothing inappropriate, just rests it lightly in the space between Will's shoulder blades. It makes him tense a moment, but then he lets out a breath and relaxes once more. He glances at Hannibal over his shoulder as he says goodbye, and Hannibal watches him get in his car and leave before closing the door at last.

End Notes

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